THE IRON BELL TOLLS

Emil's

HOBO TOURS

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EMIL'S HOBO TOURS

FROM SEINE

While we are still battling with the Cayce Foundation over Emil's apparent unwise/misguided misappropriation of their founding father to advance the marketing of Seaside Condo Timeshares outside Omaha from the last issue; Emil has decided (amongst his normal chit-chat) to launch yet another new campaign to shame an elderly German Gentleman as a Hitler Youth in his latest adventure out into the Wilds of the Internet...

OH MY!

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The Tuk-Tuk Driver made an agreeing nod when I asked him if he knew where the Dome Wat was and he frantically gestured me to get into his cramped taxi as we were holding up traffic and as I turned to get in; out of the corner of my eye, I could see the real cause of his frantic gesturing as a seemingly angry and yelling angry

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traffic cop was swiftly approaching at a fast clip of speed...

SO, I GOT IN.

That unthinking action broke every cardinal rule of street smarts that even the dumbest rube tourist is already chuckling over as they read into the opening page of yet another great Hobo Tour.

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For the time being lets not consider the fact that the cop wasn't really after us but had a bigger fish to fry in a fender bender crash that had just occurred down the street between two Idle Rich Youngsters driving their daddy's seeming new BMW and an ancient, smoggy rat trap they call the "People's" (FREE) Bus...OK???

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As even the most uneducated hobo traveler knows that "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse" which means translated from Hoboese (as I know many casual readers are not up to speed on Hobo Lingo) that you never get into a stranger's tuk-tuk based on a nod that they actually understood what you said

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or at least that will be line that driver takes with the cops when they break up the very mean fist-fight that started when he tries to drop you off in the middle of some seemingly Cambodian Rice Field while demanding 100,000 Baht for driving you to his home town in Cambodia. "I thought the Foreign Devil said Cambodia?"

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This brings into the play the fact that Tuk-Tuks are an unapologetic vestige of Capitalism in its truest form in that they solely operate on the

"ART OF THE DEAL."

There are no stinking Big Bro Socialist Meters in these Freedom Tuk-Tuk. Better learn the fine art of bargaining and haggling

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a proper fare or just wimp yourself back over to the taxi stand – they do have them meters…Nuff said?

WHAT CAN I SAY?

I know that I have sinned, broken hobo rules that are just common sense and that they mention in every YubeeTubbee Video on the web and I would soon face my own judgement as

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my driver was a nice, kind lad new to the capital and his English was damn near as bad as my broken Thai – plus he had that North-Eastern Twang in his accent that even the great brain power of Googglie Translator gave up on… So, in the end, neither of us understood much of what the other was trying hard to share.

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After a couple of trips around the Siam Square Community Area I had him drop me off at Central World and I walked about two blocks over the canal Boat Docks and took a fast speed river (canal) boat for 25 Baht that dropped me off about 50 yards away from where I had wanted to go. I understand that one

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can also ride either an air conditioned city bus or for the true cheapskates or for the true adventure junkie…there other buses whose a/c consists of the old system of "4 & 80!*" (Which means all windows down and go 80 mph). The problem is that if you are not a well-seasoned urban traveler with many bus trips under your

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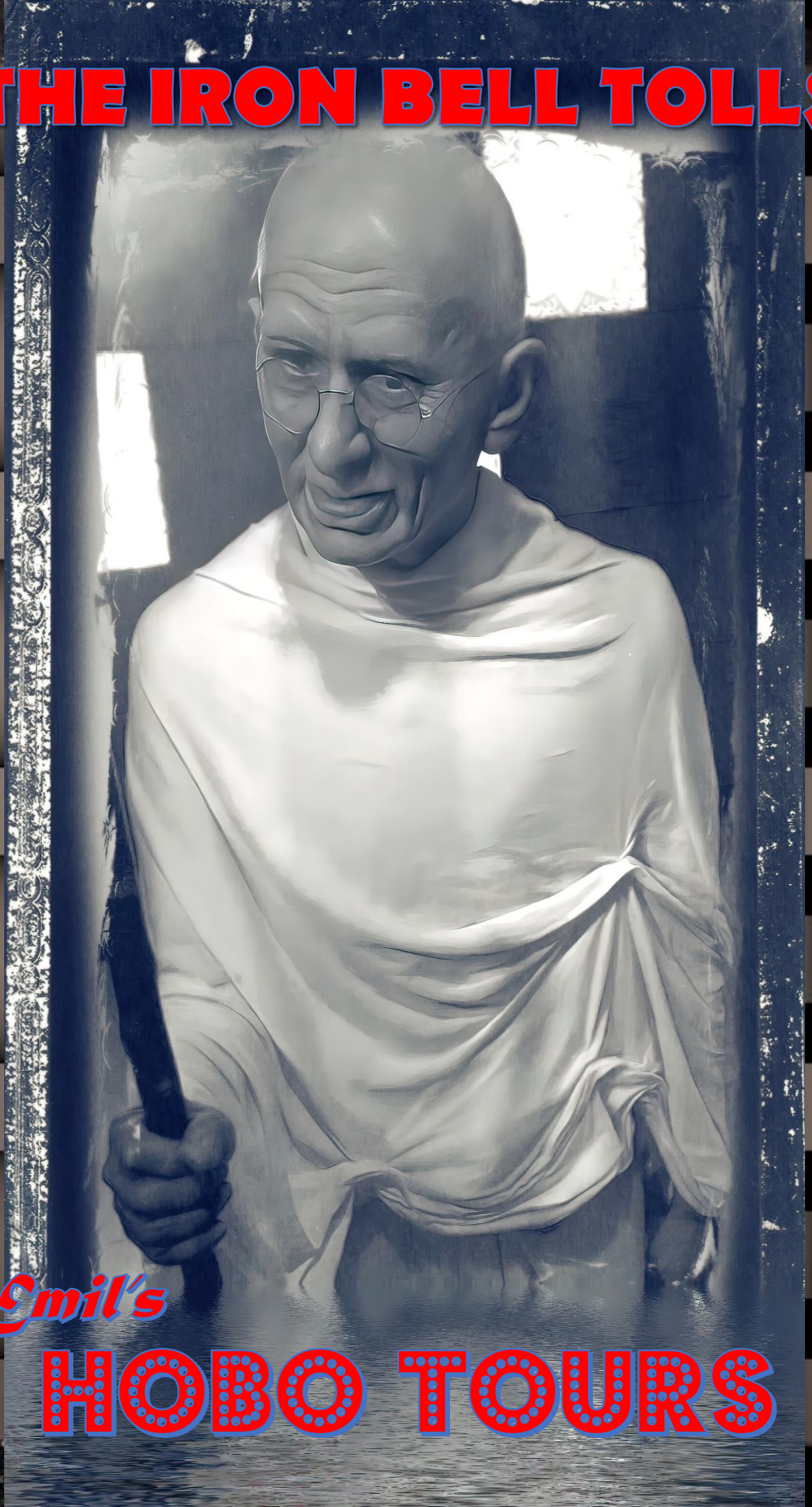

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belt…When and where do you know where to get off the bus? That could be a serious problem if you are on a short stop-over or one-hell-of-a-story:

"LOST ON A BANGKOK BUS!"

You are right…there might be a "People's" FREE Bus and it would afford you to

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truly fulfill your life-long dream(s) of getting all down into the nitty gritty, the true life in the big city. I don't know about that as you will probably just meet mostly cheap-ass backpackers try to mooch a smoke, the money for a happy meal or chat you up about all they places they know where you can get REAL Burmese Rubies at a

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bargain price or try to sell you that Real Rolex (Honest or so they say) that their daddy gave them so they can go back home or back to Phuket. That is an adventure at your own risk and on your own dime, Bubba!
If you will remember the bus crash at the start of this tale and you will see that I do have other

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reasons as to why FREE things are never good. The Hobo Logo admits to this in that anything FREE has to be defective, gone bad or comes with many times downright creepy obligations or requests. In your own life have not discovered the same? The Subway doesn't have a stop that close. There is the one from that stops at

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the Grand Palace/Wat Po and/or over near the Swing Wat but each would be a rather long walk given the high heat and humidity not to mention common sense that you don't know where you are going. There is real cause and effect to the Burmese who once truly noted that the only ones foolish enough to be out in the

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noon day sun were dogs and Englishmen.
I am sure that they meant that as a swipe at the English as they do have a long history going back centuries…they aren't friendly with each other! If you are English have at it…be my guest – at least there are a lot of 7/11s along the way.
The smart money is go up

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to Central World on the Skytrain Line and take a not so slow boat up the lazy canal and walk about a block to get to today's topic of consideration. Finally, for all you hot-headed "I ain't gonna get cheated by the Tuk-Tuk Mafia!!" crowd…refer back to my Burmese warning! "Need some rubies?" "How about that Rolex?"

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Think on this as you lay about thinking of your moment-to-moment "Terry and the Pirates" Madcap romp into the urban wilds of Bangkok. I know you are prepared! How many Times have you watched that bootleg copy of "Hangover #2" even though your mom did suggest you watch the "Bangkok Hilton" a few

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more times just to get yourself scared straight as she often mentions that her and dad don't have money to send you cigarettes (remember, they are the currency in prison...Turkish Cigs have the highest exchange rate out on the yard) little-a-lone bail money.
With all that being said (again and again) it might

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worth a few notes on your I-Pad to remember that Central World is a good spot to stage or recoup from your daily expeditions deep into the back (Soi) alleys on this mighty city Hobo Tour.
WAIT! Hold on!
You didn't let me finish!
Even your mom has heard of this high-rent district where you need to secure

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bank financing to park your car…I know that! But (Campers) do you have a car in Bangkok? Then, why are you getting all huffy down there in the comment section? I didn't tell you to go there to buy anything…in fact, the vast majority of the patrons promenading about the mall don't (can't afford to either) but as

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long as you look clean and somewhat well dressed all the rent-a-cops will smile and return your nod as if you will a high-roller at a Vegas Casino.
Get out of line and they won't mind roughing you up a bit before the police come to haul you away – and they will…
"Welcome to the Bangkok Hilton!"

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If you behave, you can hang out even thought it isn't encouraged – take a look around at that lack of seating areas but, the bathrooms are first rate (Japanese Style…mind you!), super clean and even have their own pipped in music – it helps move things a long or so I have been told.

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Interesting to walk about and pretend to have a keen interest in that Rolex, designer bags or the almost newest cameras at prices that aren't that are off Amazon pricing – although for real bargains, you need to go to Fortune City – The in-place for deals ever since Pantip Plaza folded up and MBK fades into look-a-like

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cheap tourist treasures.
For cameras; the place(s)
I recommend are EC-Mall
and Digilife (super
bargains on gray market
items) but regrettably, for
which I don't get even a
discount no matter how
much I promote them.
Hold UP!
When did this turn into
the shopping channel?
Next think you know, I will

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turn this into the Central World Home Shopping Network.
We are on really shaky ground here, bubba!
"Coming up next on the Emil Home Shopping Network...It slices, It dices and it even makes Julian Fries and if you are one of the next hundred orders... Julian will come to your house and make fries

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for you…Unless, there is an outstanding restraining order…No Refunds or Exchanges, Thank you!" Needless to say, there is a nice food court, an serious I-Max Theater, with a Big C (Thailand's version of a Super Walmart) across the street with a Taco Bell one stop down on the Skytrain across from Terminal 21. Everything that any up

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scale Foreign Devil Tourist would like to hang out at unless you are some dirty old man lusting for young blood then walk a bit further on the Skywalk down to Siam Square or MBK where all the kids from the university hangout after class or some when they should be in class. The practice is called "Parashooting Out."

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On the average budget of expat hobos this is a once-a-month day trip with a stylish lunch up at the Moss Burger as the Sizzler (be forewarned) only accepted credit cards now…no class by having cash… "if you have cash you are too poor to eat with us" the young lady explained in Thai as to avoid upsetting the poor

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hobo tourist and having to call security – see the Great Social Reset is being funded directly by Visa, American Express and Master Card.
Well…I don't know if the Big Guy gets ten percent of that as it doesn't sound like chump change to me…but, I will ask about for you!
Hope you get my drift?

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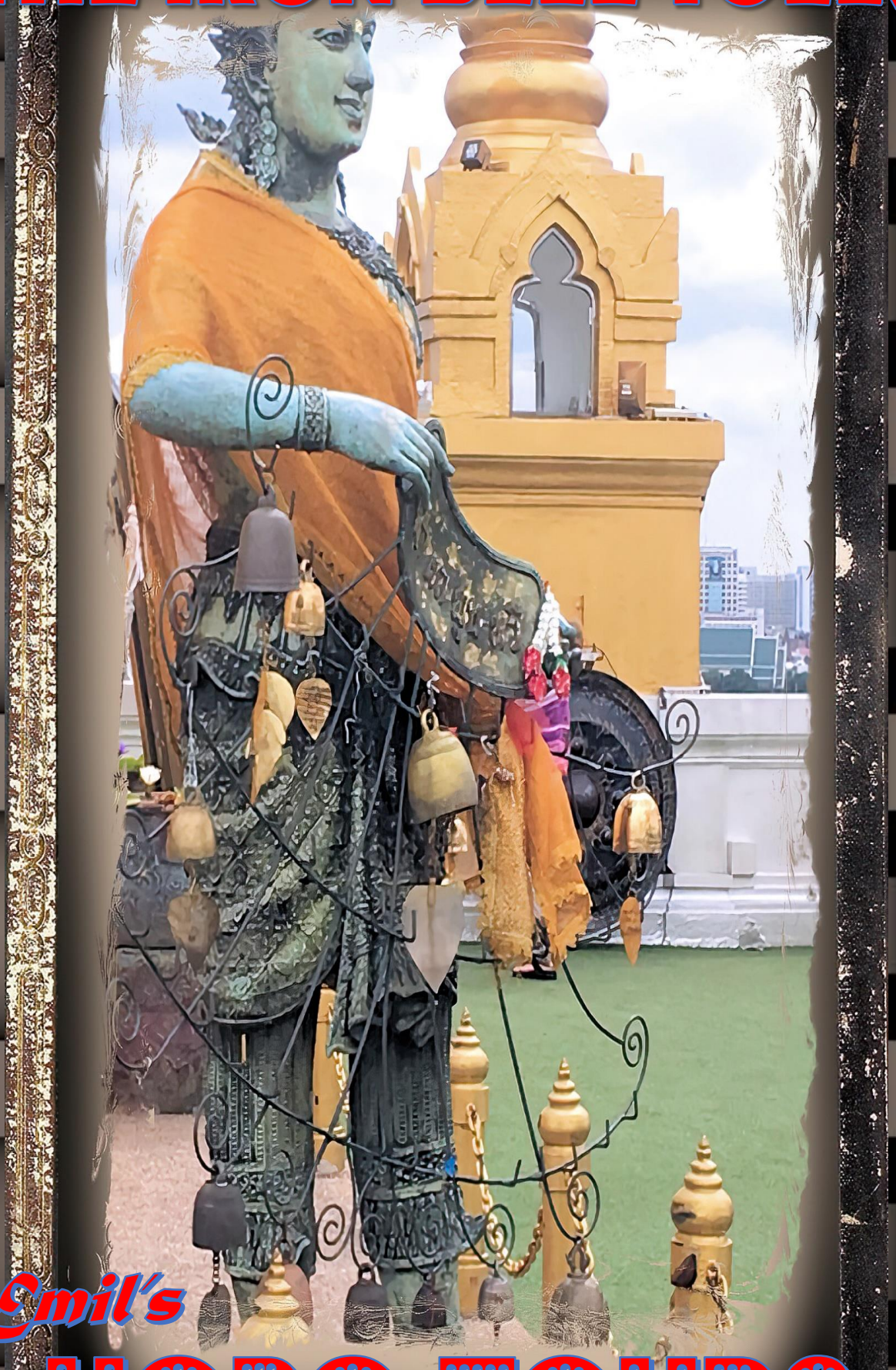

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Anyway, this become a comfortable, easy to get to and from location that is only a block away from what is left of the Fashion and Garment Sales District where they make and sell wholesale (have to buy three for the wholesale price but can mix and match) most of the clothes sold at retail plus at Siam Square and MBK.

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Now...Back to the main program or better known to all of us proud graduates of the Columbia School of Journalism (The Home Study Course) the reason you bought this book instead the endless infomercial on Central World and Big C.
Where were we?
I did already tell you to take the canal commuter

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boat and if you go in between the morning commute and the lunch break it is not crowed or busy (same from about 1-4PM too) and that makes it well worth the 25 Baht or so to go over to the Dome Temple (Wat).
I would really encourage a morning trip as the afternoons can kill a frog (NO! Not some old French

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Guy!) within 13-seconds or quicker than a Slim Whitman Record Album snuffed the Martians in that classic old movie "Mars Attacks!"
Many of the Foreign Devil Tourists love the humanity as it fuses their hair into instant Afro Hair styles that whinny, skinny little white college kids spend a big chunk of their tuition

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monies to achieve back home…here it is free and they can openingly brag about being an Albino Black Panther – which (sadly) many confused those really bad asses from the 1960's revolutionary movement with the movie "The Black Panther." Yet another sign of a $100,000 Education…

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DAY TRIP ADVENTURE

We need to make a note of this as it is a rare occasion when you actually see me take my own advice and I did take a 9:45 AM canal ferry over to the wat (which is at the end of the ferry from Central World's Terminal) and I was actually happy that I let common sense

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actually prevail as it was a pleasant, uncrowded trip.

With the spray of the grey canal waters splashing all about from the wake of the other ferries that our driver was playing a delicate game or riverboat chicken with or trying to outrun them to each dock.

This guy must have previously had a long time

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gig as a tuk-tuk driver or worse… a bold, fearless motorcycle taxi driver.

Anyway! The trip was enjoyable as it wasn't crowded and the driver cranked his boombox (not unlike my trusty old Sony CD) that played a loop of top-of-the-charts from 1980 as he gleefully sang along every time that Billy

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Joel hit the chorus of *"I may be crazy!"* as that was the easiest part of the song to sing along to.

Yes! You might be crazy!

"Watch OUT! You damn near hit that boat!"

I found myself mumbling right under my unsteady breath even though he

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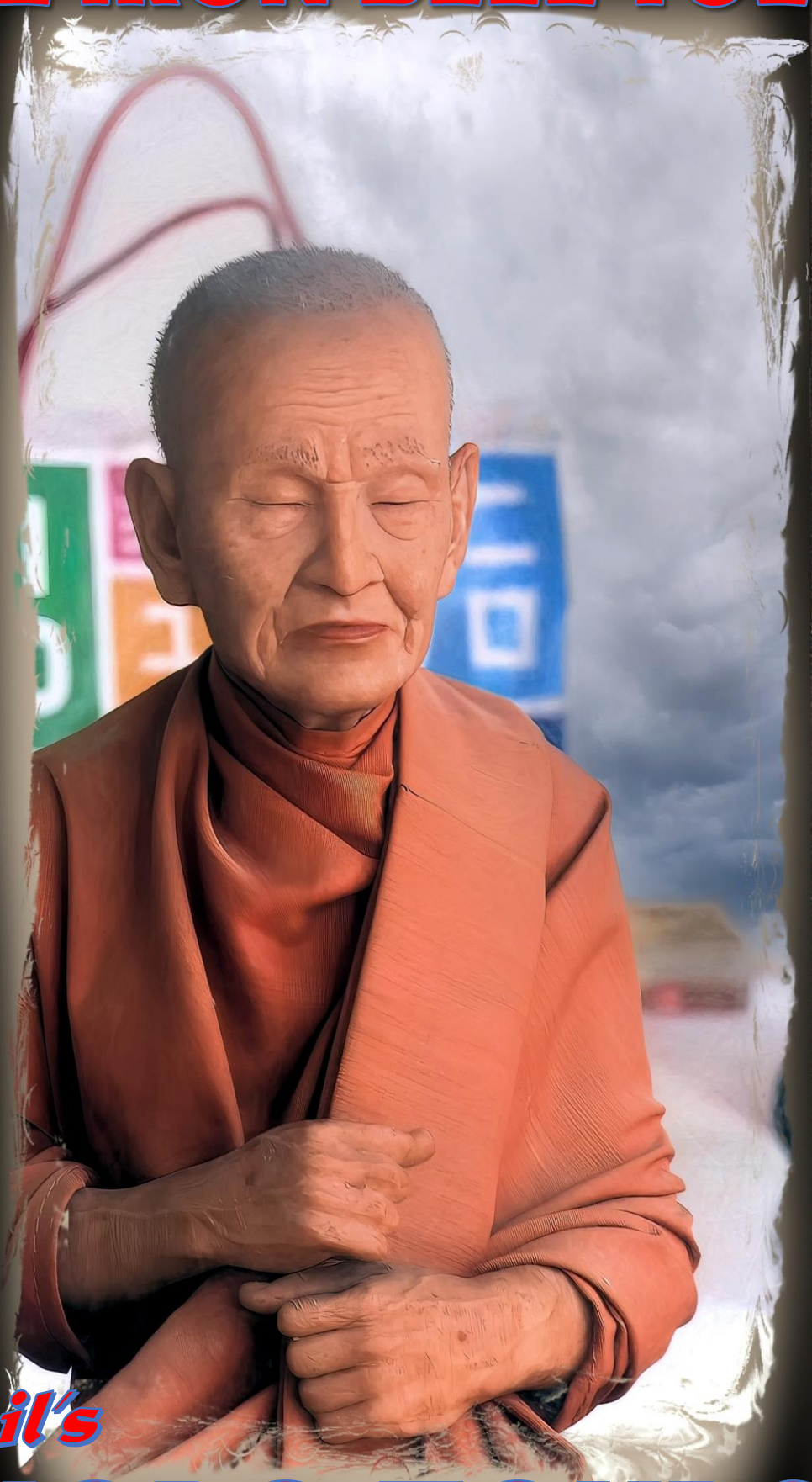

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wouldn't have heard me if I was screaming.

All that being said, my intent was to give you a taste of high action Bangkok Drama just as if we were like Indiana Jones racing through the canals of Venice or that is the way it was playing out in my head as I was attempting to transfer this

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vision to paper with this cell phone's evil demon auto spelling corrector which has the single purpose of turning the simplest sentence into an alien language that I am sure that researchers in some far distant generation will dedicate an entire career in vain attempt(s) to translate

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without the loss of all the hidden messaging that they believe riddles my books – with no way of knowing that it was the automatic word corrector that was responsible for their long careers (without me getting any royalty or reappreciations) not my hidden insights no matter how much I claimed my

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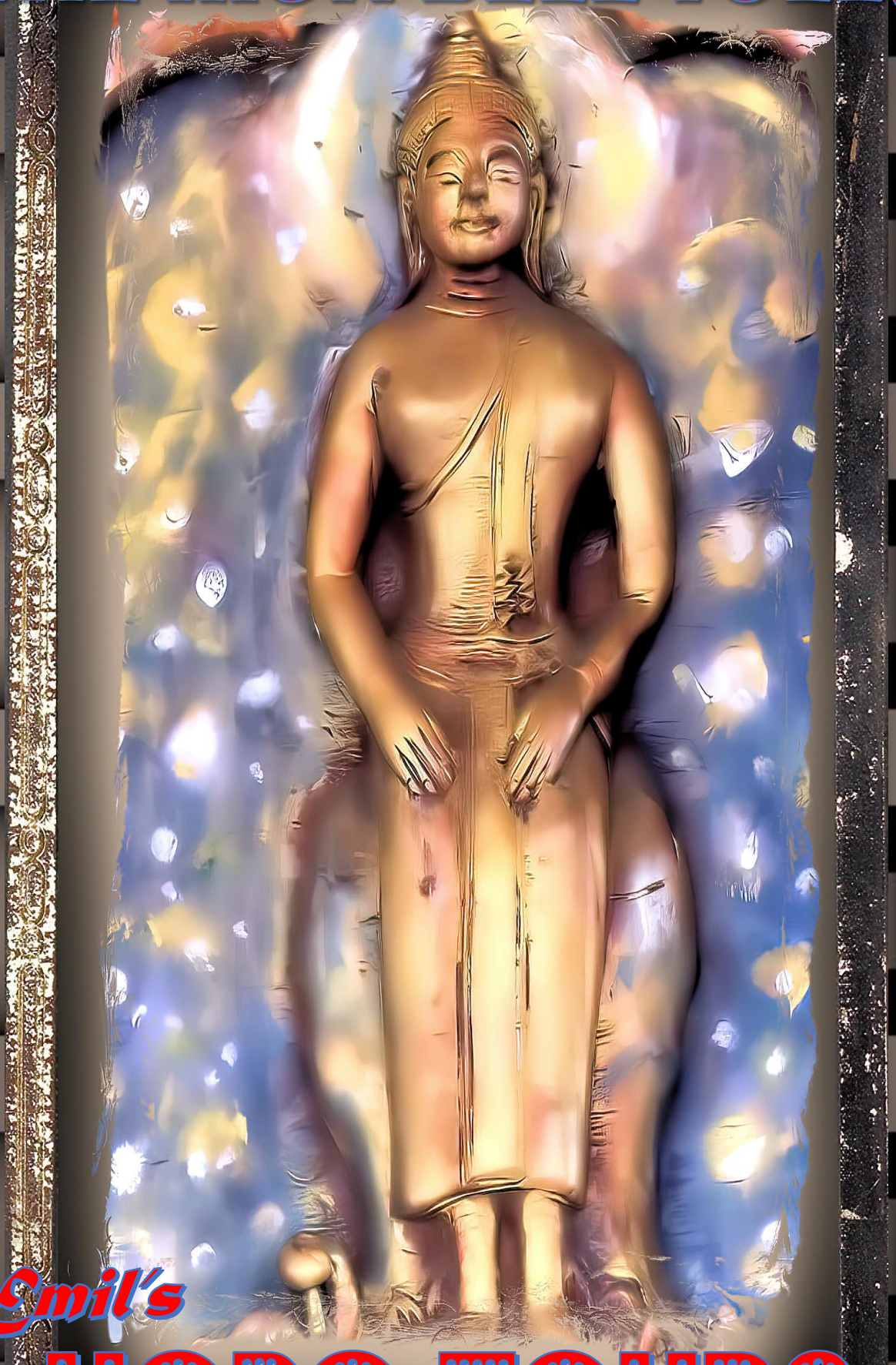

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15-minutes of fame as a former student of Wanda (Mystery School Master).

Then again…what the hell does it matter as I assume that this will be long after my harmonic frequency has faded as the power grid on a hot California Summer Afternoon.

That is unless there is a bit of truth floating out there

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amongst the TWIT PC Warriors' Ether that I am going to be charged along with Old Doc F for our role in the creation of all those GOF (Gain of Function) Zombie Samples that were produced in that Outlaw Lab right outside of Burbank and how we conspired to lay the Great Fire Wall to waste as

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Zombie Samples polluted even the most secure servers of the Senior CCP Leadership disguised as "XXX-Rated Bay Watch Beauties!"

Getting off the otherwise uneventful ride at the end of the ferry line, I stepped off and gave a nod of thank you to the ferry's driver for the adventure and the

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golden Billy Joel tune.

From this point, the remaining trip to the Wat is as simple as walking up the steps to the streetside, turn left and walk along the road across the bridge and up to the entrance.

HOBO TIPSTER(S):

You might remember my casual mention of water

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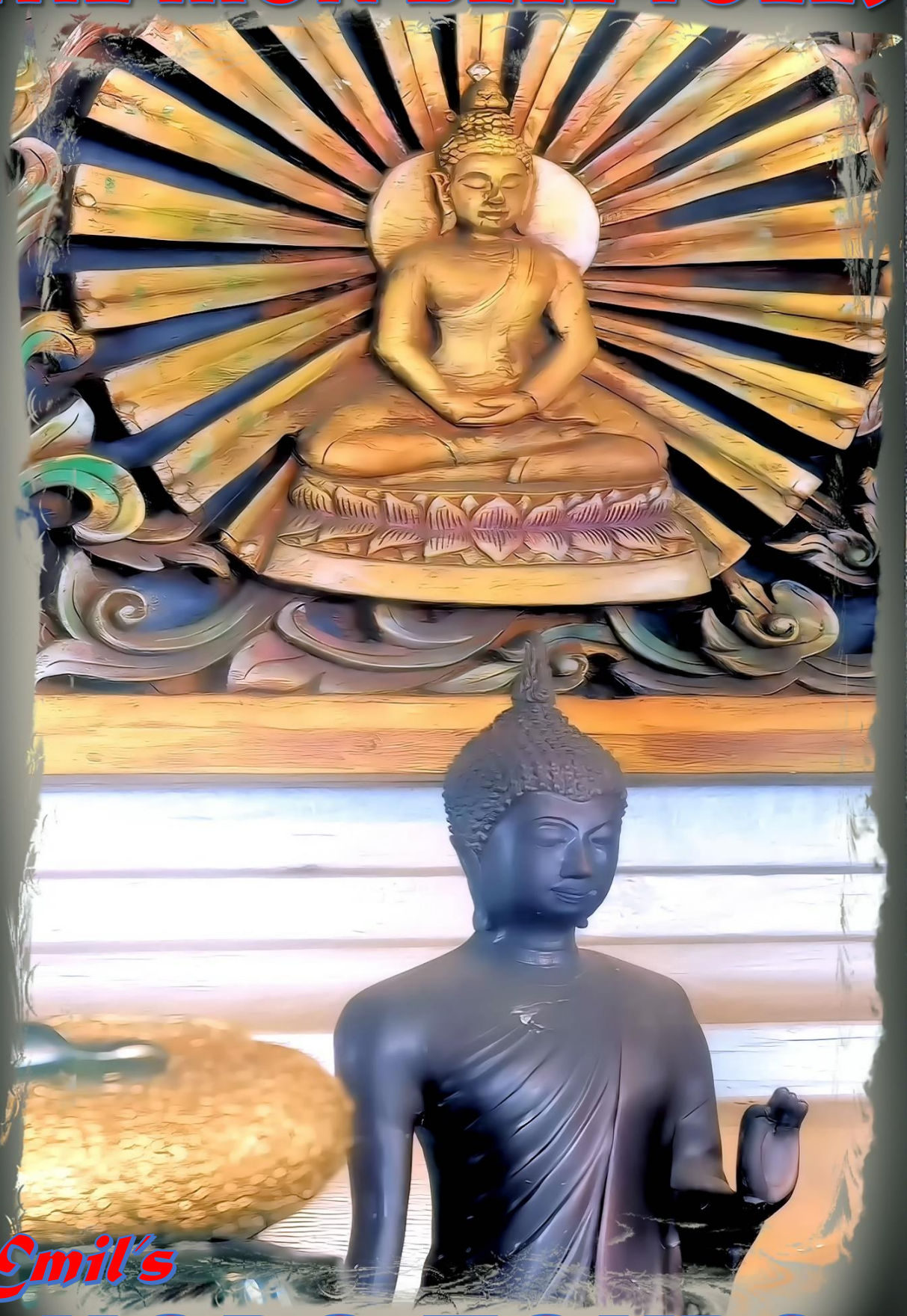

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splashing all about inside the ferry as we sat lost in prayer that our driver didn't (REALLY) have a death wish to die in a fiery head-on boat infernal disaster; so please make a note that if your camera isn't waterproof then, it might be wise to wrap it in plastic and stow away in your backpack...You might

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be surprise by how many future Youbee-Tubie Want-to-be Spielbergs who I have witnessed hanging halfway outside the boat to capture that very special death defying video footage only to see them cursing as they get off the ferry crying about how their "@#$%#" camera was broken.

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Go Figure?

At least, I warned you.

The Second "Tipster" is that there isn't a sidewalk in this final stage over to the Wat and it would be strongly suggested that you keep your wits as the road over the bridge is narrow and there is a lot of high-speed traffic.

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THE ROOF OF THE SKY

This is a nice place and you might be surprised by a true smile as you hand over your 250 Baht Entrance Fee.

Fair warning that this is a very interactive and old school physical experience as there are no lifts (that I saw) and to be honest, it

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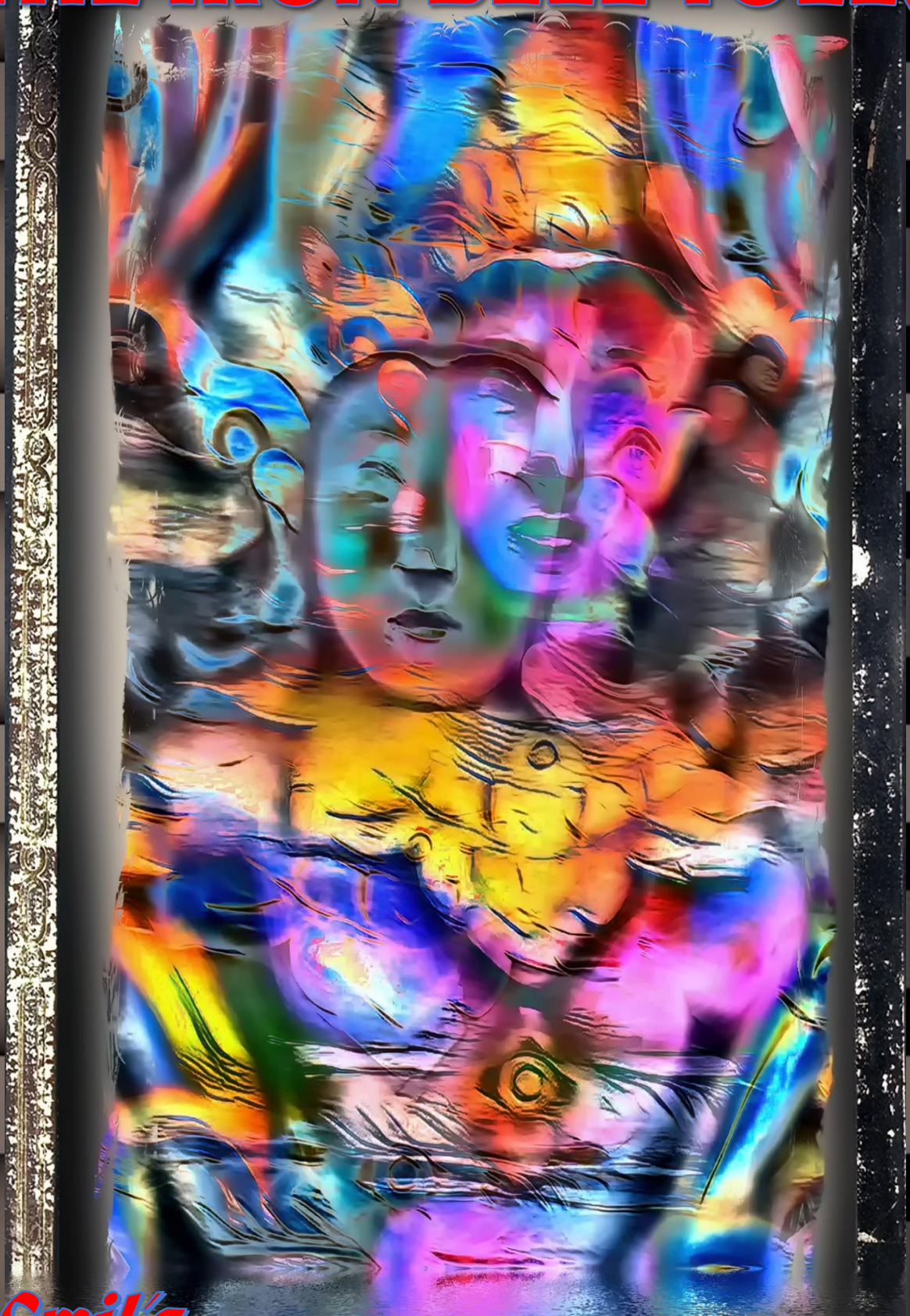

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is a mighty walk as you climb up the walkway to the far distant top where the actual temple is...while giving way to the occasional monk that you might encounter in your ascent into the clouds (Well! Not that high!)

As I said that these are nice people and a sure sign of understanding that

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this is not an easy climb for anyone over 19-years old and they have arranged staging areas stops like they have at Everest where you can rest, refit your gear and even camp if your timing is off and it grows dark as the walkway isn't lit (as far as I remember).

The view going up gets

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better as you go higher although most never look about as they seem too focused on the immediate climb to the summit.

Once you are there, the temple is a rather simple in that it seems to have been inspired by Zenist Interior Decorators for it's quite spartan and simple.

I noticed that a few

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(mostly older adventures that had just spent 30-40 minutes climbing the "old people's" March of Death) were a tad bit upset and could be heard (in several language's) conversing

"IS THIS IT?"

There are several nice wall carvings a couple of smaller rooms dedicated

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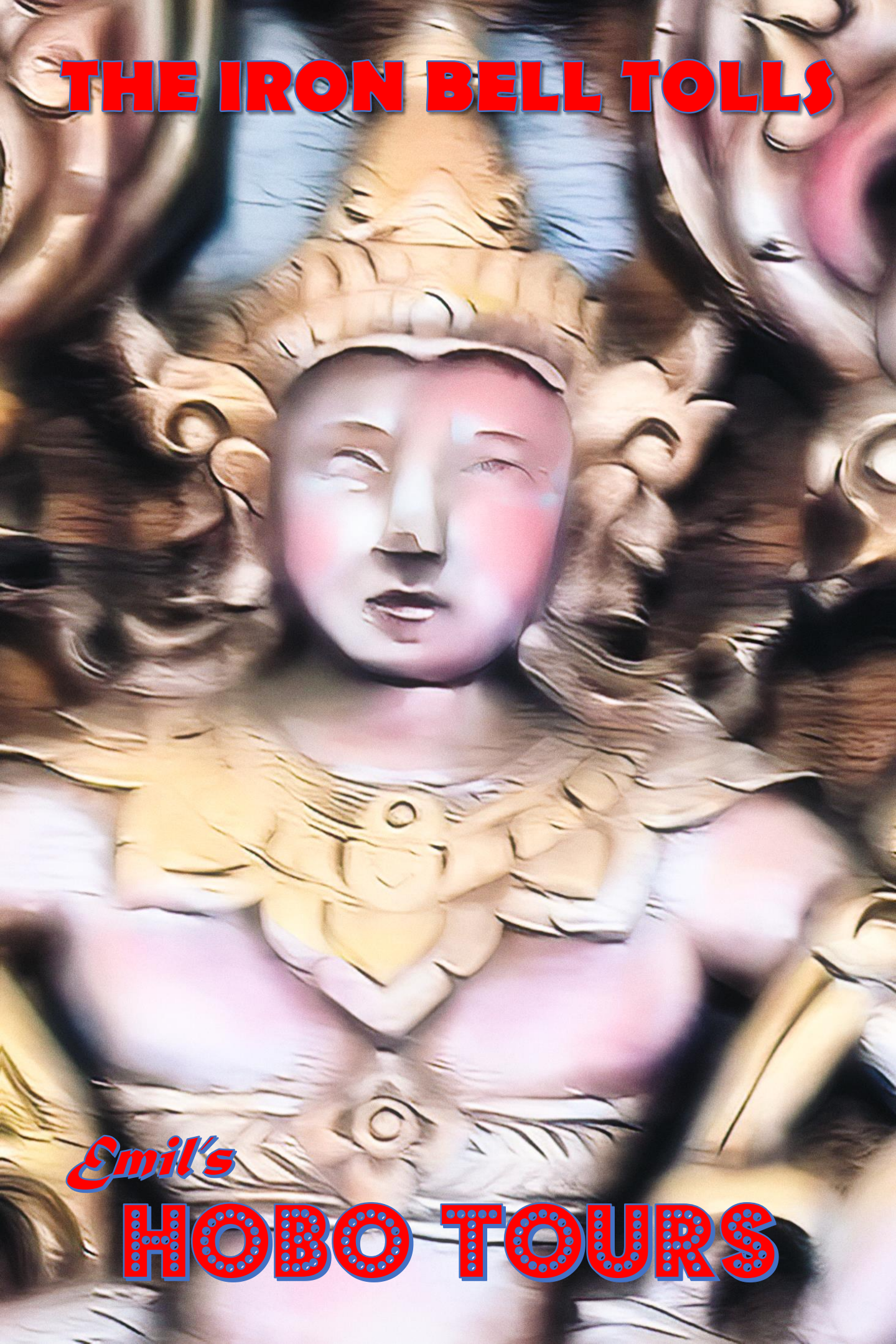
to a certain saint or spirit but other than that...

THIS WAS IT!

There was a new addition of a Japanese Soda Machine and one small bench that had been recently added to enhance the tourist experience.

WAIT! CAMPERS!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As my cat named "Dog" would readily point out that if you are a regular Dora the Explorer you would have discovered that there is a single file, winding staircase up to the secret rooftop venue.

Here is your reward in the form of your 250 Baht worth of cityscape views that while you couldn't

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see China from it...there is an extended panorama of a large part of this section of the city and off in the distance you could kind of make out the Great Bridge that spans the Great River that divides the city much like the Mekong does in my old haunts in Saigon.

If you are there in the morning there is usually a

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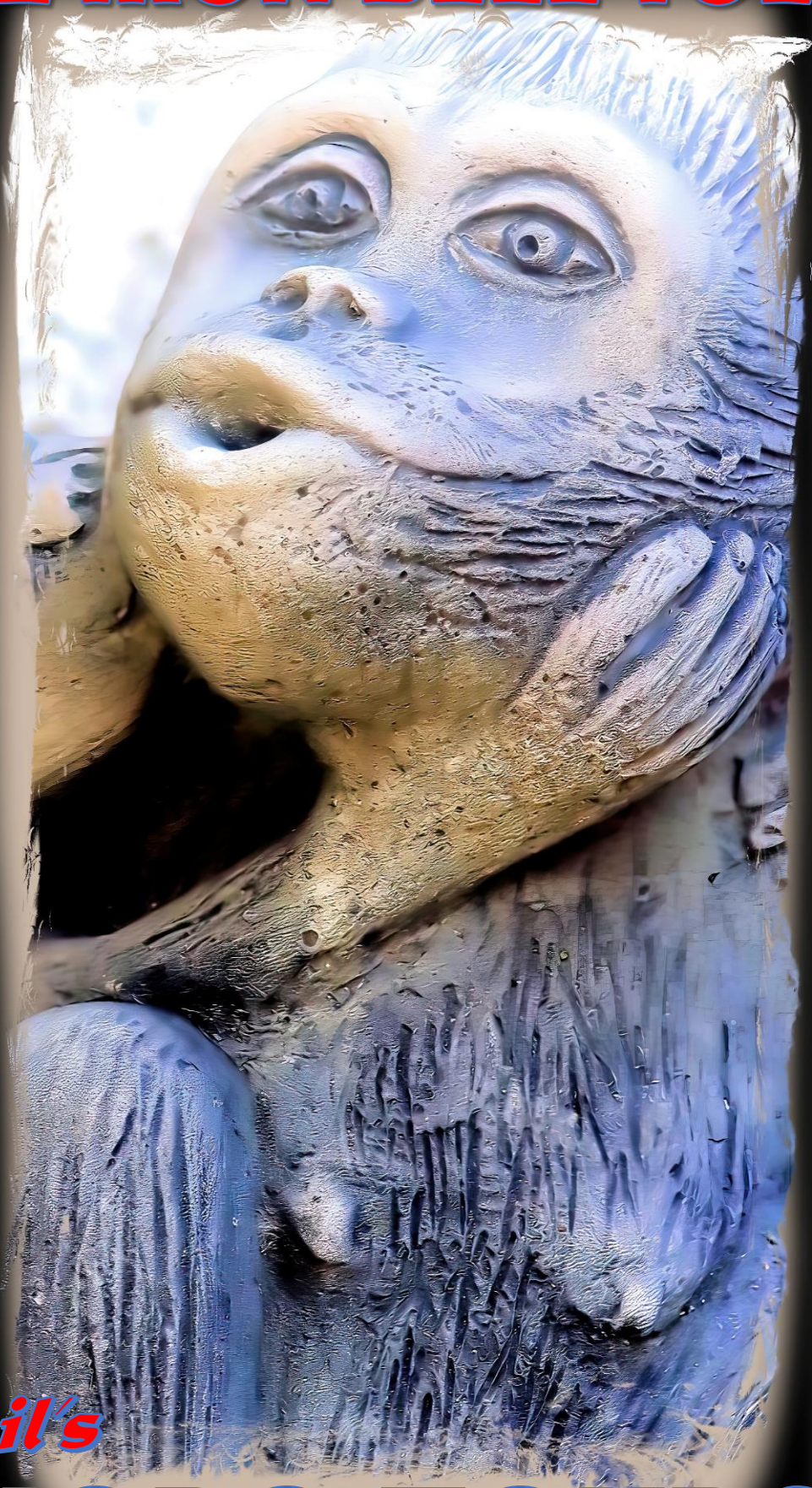

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cool breeze that is a welcome feature for the whole trip up and the Temple itself is like (traditionally) old-school open window muggy hot.

By noon, with the sun directly overhead, even the most modern state of the art radiation suit won't protect you from the unfiltered ultraviolet

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rays of a mercifulness sun beating you into total submission or bringing on an actual heat stroke.

We were now approaching that zero hour and I beat a quick retreat down to the Temple's main floor but, I chose the wrong exit and found myself going down the upwards staircase or so that angry old German

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Man yelled at me as my downward feet directly met his upbound head.

Seeing that he was an old German, I instantly raised to his rude challenge by calling him in very good German (How can I write this so I don't get cancelled?) among other things…in which I might have implied that he

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might be "an Ex-Hitler Youth, Nazi Gangster" that should have been sent to be re-educated far off in Siberia by my dear Soviet Friends...more or less.

To be fair...he was of that age group and he was a portly old German and please remember that when he was a child, he was trained from a baby to

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he must certainly, secretly treasure his childhood, special membership card in Old Germany's most exclusive Master Race Country Club...bet you that he still has all of his Hitler Youth Merit Badges at home squirreled away in an old shoebox in his mom's old rear closet.

And please remember that

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his people and mine have a life long history in that most members of my mother's family died at the hands of his parents while he gleefully still sings songs about how Jesus loved him more as he was home grown homeboy of the Great Aryan Master Race…

So, I have a get-out-of-jail

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card on my unWookie conversation and bad mouthing of this old, portly Nazi Fool.

Once I called him out, he shut up and allowed me the road to freely pass…

His generation still holds (I don't know as a fact but, I have observed) a sense of insecurity to outright fear depending upon their

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actual age and what they (or one of their direct family member) did during the war…all of which, it became my people's new "Art of the Deal" and which I was taught early on to master and which I often was able to bring to bare in the years of living in Germany –some time ago, back in the day.

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While many of my more gentle readers are surely, openingly shaking their head in disgust and would be calling me a jerk if they weren't so dang Wookie and proper to say it aloud.

STOP!

I want you to stop and

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actually think if you might feel any different than me if you were confronted by the smirky face(s) of the fat children of the very people who had brutally murdered your whole family…the same people who had killed all of your grandparents, uncles and aunts not for some greater good or even hated but

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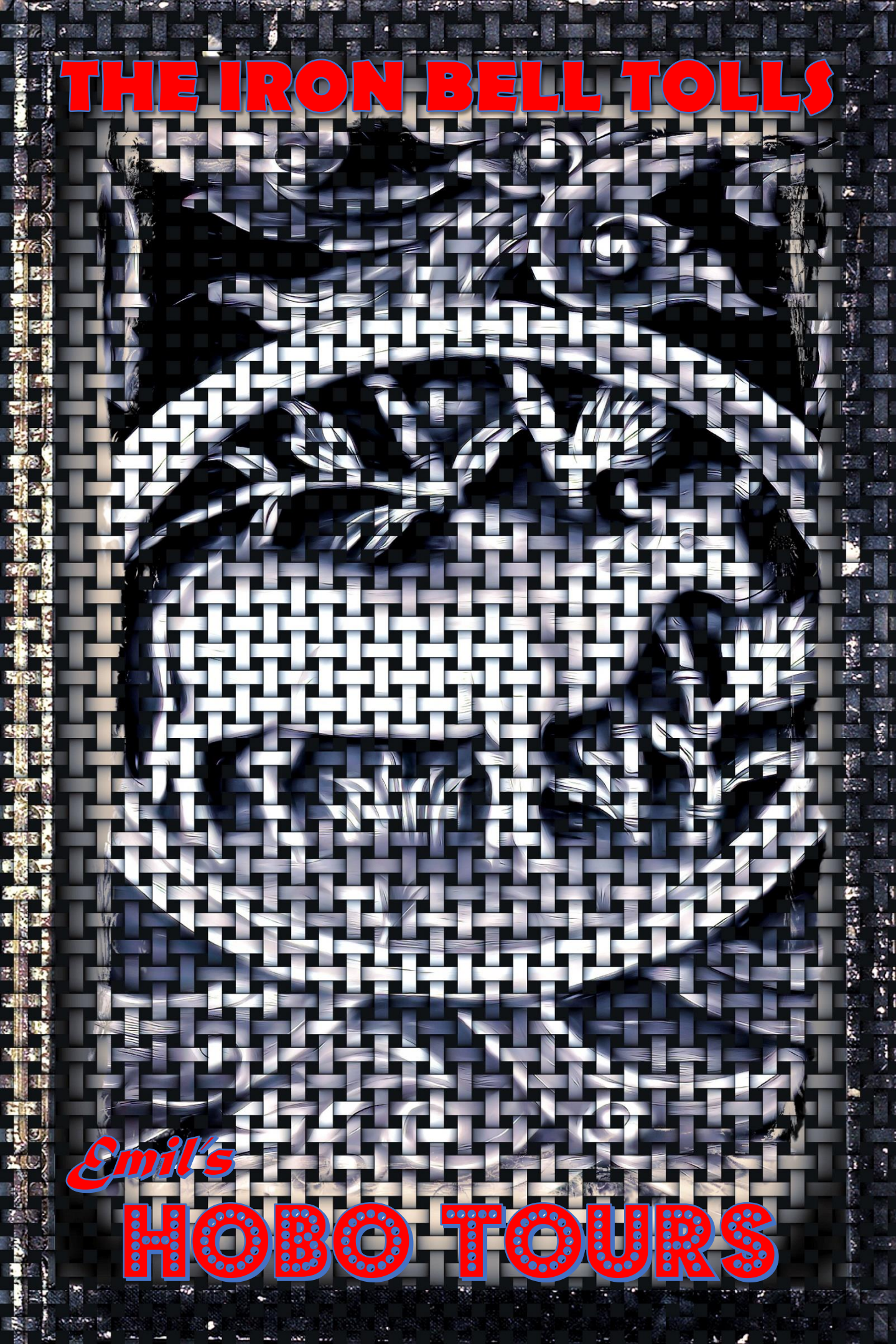
who did it out of greed and a lustfully desire to legally steal their property, homes and businesses...

Now, Friends...Please tell me truthful if you would be willing to merely turn the other check and walk away give the fact that these people still openingly, proudly walk among us free and safe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from a law whose hands are tainted with the same blood as these criminals because they allowed it to happen. Would you feel any different???

Wait! This is a place of peace...and I know that on a spiritual level but, I am human and this has been genetically embedded into my ethnic DNA the need

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to cancel these old Hitler Youths from Proper Society regardless of how many of their parents that my government forgave and recruited into the then stillborn CIA to fight those dang Commies.

I am here to stand testament to the sad fact that America's Business Community, corporations,

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the Military Industrial Complex…NASA and even a large number our blue-blooded elite families have never had their pro-Nazi past called out and I can't remember any trials…

CAN YOU?

When did they arrest, trial and throw our bubby,

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Georgie "Bubba" Bushie's own granddaddy in jail?

"WHY?"

I saw there were a few of our younger members ask that below in the viewer (Super Chat) comments.

He was like Hitler's main money bag man on Wall Street even during the war

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and I was told that he avoided getting arrested at the height of the war because they (FBI?) were going to take him down for being a major player in the initial money laundering of the vast sums of wealth that the Nazi Government and their agents had legally stolen for Jewish Families

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exiled to an assortment of Nazi (FEMA) Worker Communities in the New Eastern Provinces of the Third Reich.

To avoid going to prison he pro-actively ripped the Nazi Middlemen off by taking a large portion of these Nazi Investment Funds (again...donated by many of the wealthiest

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Jewish Families in Greater Germany) Profits (while actively spiriting away his own 10% of the liquid investment profits into various offshore banks and buried deeply in unmarked, numerous Swiss Investment Banks as his own trust fund) and created the highly successful military,

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recreational services that they named the USO.

What, you didn't learn that in your school?

Sir Winston was only partially correct about *"The victors get to write the history of the war..."*

Seems that money spoke louder and Martin Borman and his vast overseas

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confederation of Nazi Front Corporations did a more than a little bit of editing for themselves.

Walking down from the Temple, I felt I had achieved a great moral victory although, I did maintain a constant rear observation just in case of a sneak attack by an aged Hitler Youth roaring down

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the hill in an out-of-control, cascading wheel chair or so the local papers would be paid to report.

What kind of world do we live in where we still need to fear eighty-year-old, former Hitler Youth???

I hear what you say and do agree that they are few and most will be gone in

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short order but, what about their children and now, their grandchildren and then; what about all of their Wall Street Buddies...and their children that own the corrupt politicos who all built their own vast wealth with truck loads of "blood" money, stolen art works and diamonds???

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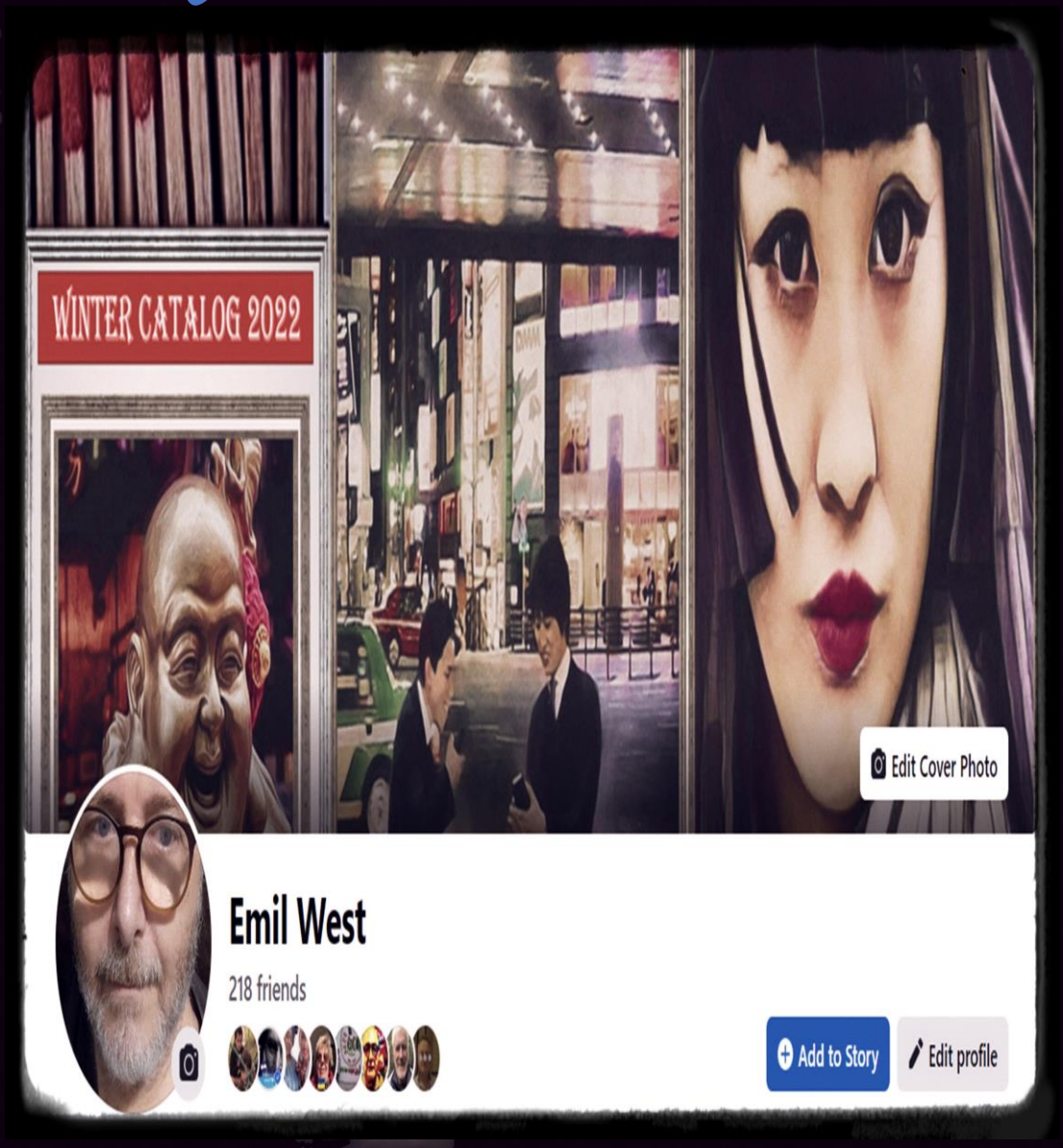
Half Hidden Faces



Admiral

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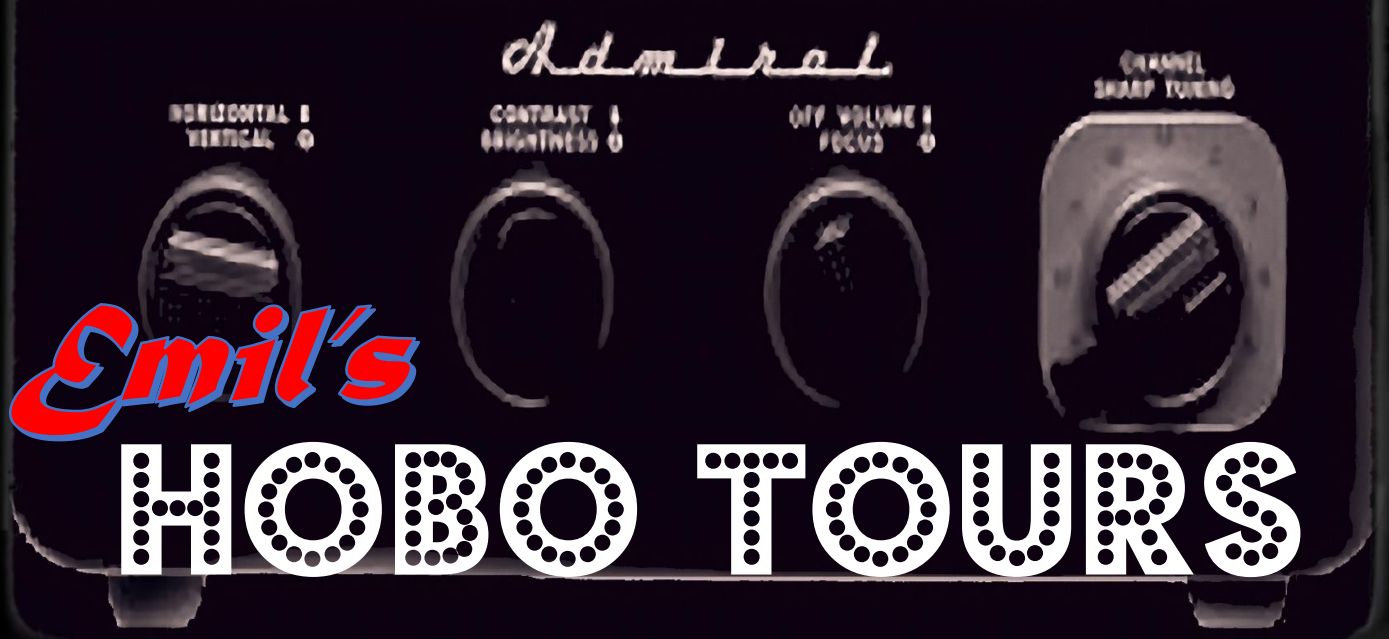
Half Hidden Faces



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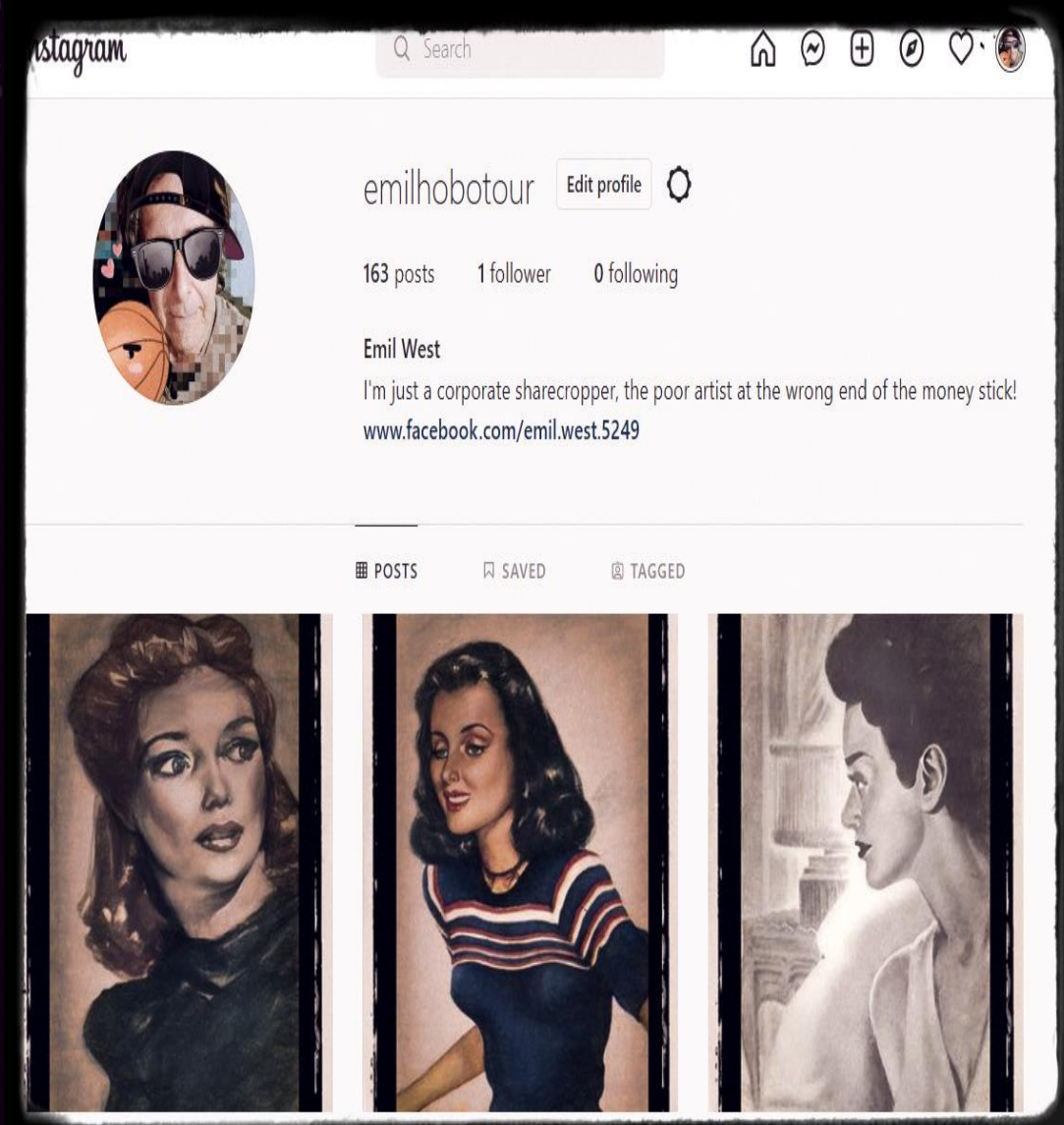
Half Hidden Faces



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